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So much of what an oldster sees as he walks along the streets of his hometown actually isn't there any more. In his mind's eye, and for memory's sake, he perceives until his dying day the things that once were and for him will always be. These things are lost to the Johnnie-Come-Lately.

That's why no stranger can ever feel quite the same affection for this venerable first State Capital that its natives feel. Fondness may grow, and does fairly often in the hearts of newcomers, but the deepest love comes from roots that go equally deep.

Show us an outsider who takes to New Bern within a period of months of a few short years, and we'll show you a man or woman who sees in the town a good deal of what was left behind at the site of their birth. Human nature being what it is, they can find familiar things and cling to them if they care to.

For example, those who loved children in the community from whence they came are bound to love our children too. Watch the tourist who stops to pat a stray dog on the head, and you know for sure that somewhere many miles away there are other dogs that wag their tails in happy recognition when he encounters them on familiar thoroughfares.

We've told the story before, but it bears repeating. An old man approached by a new couple that had just moved into town was asked, "What kind of people do you have here?" When asked what sort of people lived in the town they came from, their eyes lighted up and they answered, "They were sweet and wonderful and kind."

"You'll find the same sort of folks here," the old man said, and he was so right. That's why, when we see newcomers wearing a chip on their shoulders and complaining incessantly, we have little doubt that they grumbled just as much back home.

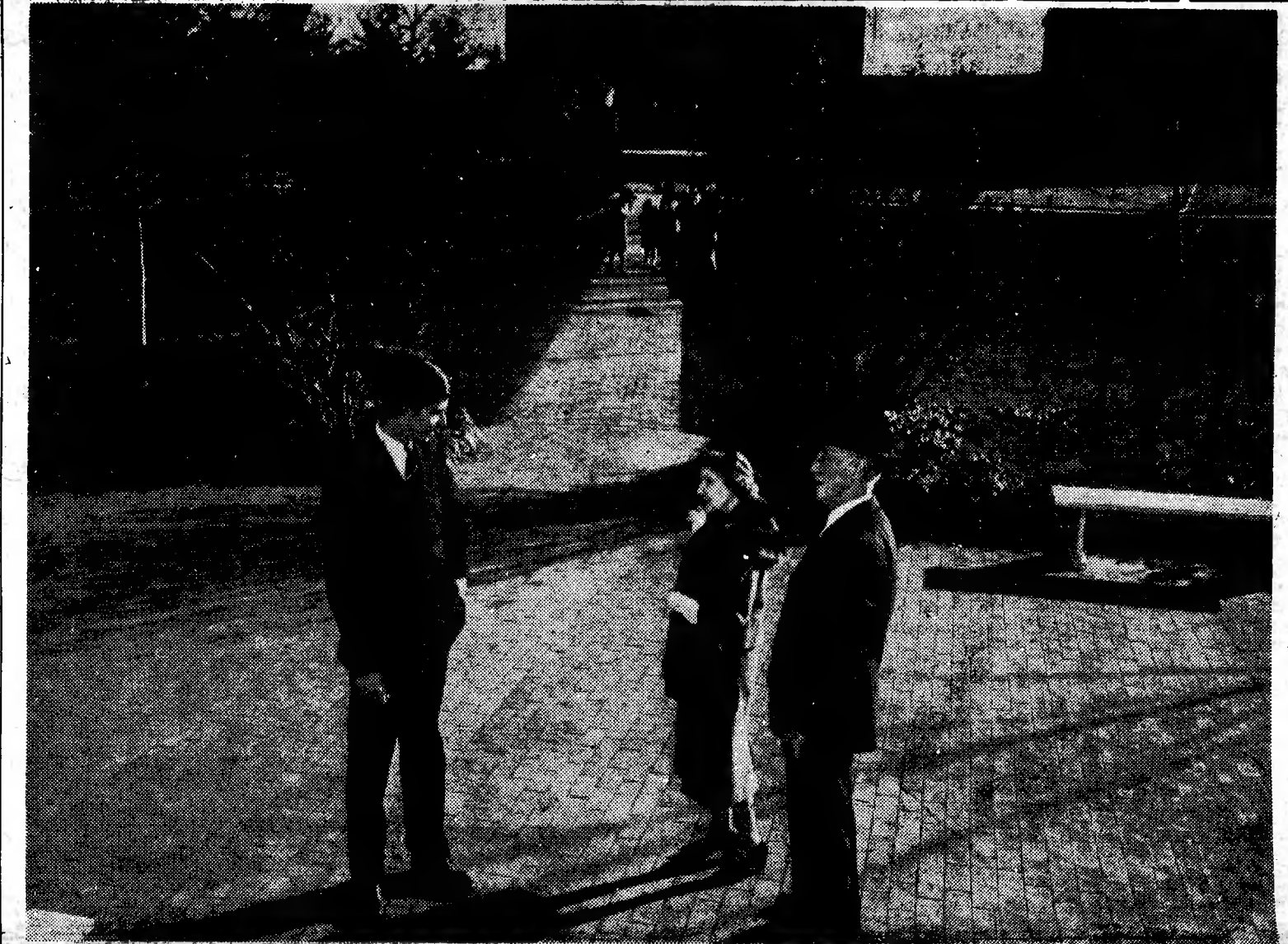
This isn't to say that New Bern is perfect. It could stand a lot of improving, but those who knock it most—newcomers and natives alike—usually do the least to make it a better place in which to live.

It has been said by some that it's hard to get acquainted in our village on the Neuse and Trent. Admittedly, some folks are inclined to be a little bit stand-offish, and there are a few snobs. Thank goodness, they are in the minority, and are invariably dull company anyhow. No one is more boring than the phony social climber, who uses those who befriend as stepping stones to more coveted things.

Get your dictionary out, and look up the word aristocracy. You'll find it defined as "a ruling body of nobles" and as "any class that is superior because of birth, intelligence, culture or wealth." Significantly, wealth rates last in the things that are associated with aristocracy. With or without wealth, how many New Bernians would you include if you were making up a ruling body of nobles?

Noble people, whatever their station in life, are those who live nobly. Again turning to the dictionary, we learn that a noble is "high and great in character—showing greatness of mind." The snob, by his very act of snobbishness, reveals weak character and limited intellect, so why worry if your snubbed by someone whose claim to a place on a special pedestal is merely a ridiculous illusion born of his own imagination.

There are a great many truly noble souls in New Bern. This you can believe. In fact, you'll probably find as high a percentage here as you will anywhere else. They are the mortals who quietly do deeds of kindness without fanfare, who endure physical suffering and heartbreak with unbelievable cour-



CHATTING IN THE SUN—Anthony Tryon, whose collateral ancestor was Royal Governor Tryon, converses with Mr. and Mrs. John A. Kellenberger near the entrance of the famed restored Palace that he came from England to see. It was the generosity of Mrs. Kellenberger's mother, the

late Maude Moore Latham, that made the three-million dollar restoration possible. The Kellenbergers are members of the Tryon Palace Commission.—Photo by Billy Benners.

New Bern Had a Great Deal To Be Thankful For This Year

New Bernians may not fully appreciate the many blessings bestowed upon them by God, and for that matter very few people do.

Even so, citizens of this picturesque and oft-times backward first State Capital seemed to be, for the most part, a fairly grateful lot as they observed Thanksgiving yesterday.

Notwithstanding another of the tropical hurricanes that plague us periodically, Dame Nature was kind to us this year. Day in and day out there was far more sunshine than storm, and favorable growing weather gave Craven county farmers bountiful crops. Corn in particular flourished as it hadn't in many a moon, and tobacco, to make a pun, had a field day too.

Death, in due season, comes to us all, so it was inevitable that we would be saddened by the passing of some of our nicest folks—some by illness and some by accidents. Giving up, those who are useful and beloved is never pleasant, but the important thing is living in such a manner that when you come to die there will be a consciousness

age, and cling tenaciously to a deep and abiding faith in God and a keen awareness of the dignity of man.

You learn them by living in their midst, and you love them for what they are—not what they have. Even after they go to their graves, their beauty of spirit influences your life and enhances whatever compassion you may feel for others. Day in and day out, they make every New Bern street a pleasant segment of memory lane.

of real loss in the community.

Major fires were in the minority. There have been no epidemics—no great catastrophes of one sort or another. Any of these things could have occurred as they did in other towns.

Economically speaking, business could have been some better and certainly much worse. Industry didn't give up much of a tumble, but unemployment remained at a low figure and there weren't too many people seeking a job who couldn't get work to do, if not the work of their choice.

Those who were slow to admit that Tryon Palace would become a bonafide and sustained tourist attraction had to retreat from their pessimism. Thousands continued to visit the widely acclaimed restoration, and the publicity jackpot paid off with a two-page spread in the hardest-to-crash magazine of them all, the Saturday Evening Post.

There may be waning interest in years to come, but as of now the Palace is bringing outsiders here from far and wide—from every state in the Union and most foreign countries. Our 250th anniversary celebration was a dismal disappointment, but its failure stemmed from poor planning, anemic organization and pathetic promotion, rather than public apathy. Maybe, 50 or 100 years from now, our descendants will do a more creditable job when it comes time to celebrate.

This was the year that Broad street was transformed into Agony avenue, or, if you prefer, Baby Carriage boulevard. Property val-

ues tumbled along a thoroughfare that saw beauty give way to the demands of traffic. Opinions differ, and quite vigorously, as to whether it was worth the price.

There's something sad about the permanent desecration of a street as attractive as Broad was. East Front, once beautiful too, could weep in sympathy as her sister street gave up the trees that man could destroy but never replace in our generation.

With all Americans, New Bern's citizens were thankful this Thanksgiving for the continuance of peace. Admittedly, it's a rather uneasy peace, and Fidel Castro hadn't been helping matters, nor has Russia's Kremlin. But, compared with what the mortal mind can envision in the event of atomic war, it's not to be sniffed at.

New Bernians are, or should be, thankful most for health. Neither wealth nor fame nor power brings us humans the honest-to-goodness joy that simply being physically fit does. Health alone may not assure us of happiness, but the guy with ulcers would like to try it for awhile.

Slowly but surely, it seems, local citizens are becoming more cognizant of the fact that the spiritual values of life far outweigh the material. Those who attended Thanksgiving services yesterday most certainly were aware of it.

The average man or woman here might not put it in just so many words, or even realize the new emphasis that religion is making on his or her daily living. However, the attitude is there, and the impact is there. It is having a telling

affect.

This is as it should be, especially in the observance of our Thanksgiving season. Religion was the bedrock of this nation's origin. Our forefathers placed faith in their Creator, and even to this day we have inscribed on our coins the assertion that "In God We Trust."

This, if adhered to, explains adequately why freedom of worship for Protestant, Catholic and Jew alike is one of our greatest, if not the greatest of all our freedoms.

However, freedom of religion could never exist in America unless we observed and protected our other freedoms—such as freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom to govern ourselves by our votes in the ballot box.

During this hectic election year, we were privileged to see Democracy in action. Some of the aspects of the hard-fought Presidential campaign were disturbing, and the religious issue brought about by the Catholic faith of one of the candidates influenced votes pro and con.

And yet, in typical American fashion, John F. Kennedy, the victor, and Richard M. Nixon, the vanquished, got together for an unprecedented meeting before the last of the absentee votes had been tabulated, in a gesture to the world that the United States, once an election is over, is a land not only of freedom but unity.

As for the millions of voters who differed in their choice for the White House, they too have philosophically accepted the will of the

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